



At Good Cheer Inn

By PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL

Commencement week was over. The girls who for four happy years had made Grafton Hall ring with songs and laughter, had said their last good-bys, and scattered for the summer vacation.

Alone in the little chamber with its quaint, old-fashioned furniture, Elizabeth Copley slipped out of the pretty, frilly graduating dress and buttoned herself into her favorite blue gingham. Then she paused for a moment before her mirror. From the gilt frame there smiled forth a girlish face, healthily brown, with a square, determined chin and a saucy mouth. The eyes were brown, and laughter-lighted; the hair, by turns her pride and torment was deepest auburn.

"If I can't climb mountains in the West with the other girls, I shall have to surmount whole ranges of them right here at home, if I go to Wellesley this fall," she was saying to herself.

Catching up her skirts with both hands she made a deep courtesy to the figure in the mirror. "Elizabeth Alice Copley," she said, "you are to be hung away in the closet with the Commencement gown and the brand new diploma, while little, red-haired 'Bess' earns the wherewithal to go to college."

With a ripple of laughter she ran down the stairs to the dining room where the family were waiting for her, her mother looking like a bit of fragile china as she bent above the tea cups; her father, tall and gray with kindly eyes, the boys, Spencer and Garry, and fifteen-year-old Grace.

"We waited for you, dear," said Mrs. Copley. "Your father was a little hurried, but a daughter doesn't graduate every day."

"Blasphemed, but whether bound?" quoted Spencer from his sister's remark. "How does Miss Copley intend to begin her career?"

"By sunning family traditions into little pieces," answered Elizabeth, her eyes snapping.

"We owe a special thanks to you for your rank in history. If you care for a few facts in regard to your family position in the past, I shall be glad to accommodate you with quite a record."

"I don't," Elizabeth answered with what her brothers called her Betsy look. "Sometimes I think I change places with Betsy for the sake of not having any ancestors to lie up to."

"Good for you, Bess," this from Garrison. "I certainly think we could spare a few."

"Tell us your plan, daughter," said Mrs. Copley. "I trust it is one that would meet with your Great-Aunt Elizabeth's approval."

The Copleys were poor, though they owned the rambling old house filled with furniture and pictures of a bygone age; but, as Spencer was fond of saying, they were rich in eccentricities, heritages and ancestors. Chief among the latter, the young people reckoned Great-Aunt Elizabeth Anne Copley, who lived alone in great splendor in her house in Boston, where, Elizabeth asserted, she climbed the family tree every day for exercise.

She had taken a fancy to Elizabeth in her baby days, but had retired in high displeasure when the little girl was christened Alice for her mother's mother, instead of Anna. True, she had sent the baby an ornate silver cup from which generations of little Copleys had sipped their milk, and a robe of rare old lace. Since then she had held no inter-course with her nephew's family. Still she hovered in the background, spoiling their good times with her old-fashioned ideas of decorum.

"Aunt Elizabeth wouldn't approve of it," was the reason given for abandoning many an unconventional but really harmless plan.

"Your Aunt Elizabeth would be horrified beyond measure if she knew you considered such an offer for an instant," was Mr. Copley's decision, when Spencer announced that he had hired out to the grocer during the summer vacation, though the father afterward gave his consent.

Perhaps the fact that she had so early incurred her great-aunt's displeasure had something to do with fostering in Elizabeth an intense dislike for what she termed ancestral nonsense. Independent to her finger tips, she was forever setting the family traditions at naught. Merry, self-reliant, she had long ago transferred the burdens of the housekeeping from her mother's frail shoulders to her own robust ones. Yet she found time with all her school work to be her brothers' chum, her father's confidant, and the little sister's best friend.

"What is your plan, Betty?" queried Spencer. "You will have us all on tiptoe, guessing, if you keep us in suspense much longer."

She looked at them, laughter brimming in her eyes. "I warned you. Now listen: I am going to start a restaurant at Berwick-by-the-Sea."

"What do you suppose your Aunt Elizabeth will say to that?" asked Mr. Copley with a luminous twinkle in his eyes.

"That it is vulgar and commonplace; but I don't care, if I can only go to college this fall."

"She might help you," said Mrs. Copley, hope-

For EVERY BOY and GIRL



FIVE YEARS OLD.

By BESS GOE WILLIS

I have pockets in my trousers.
They're great! Now the boys can't say
That I'm a baby any more;
I'm five years old to-day.

fully, "If she knew how anxious you are to go."
"She won't. She'd rather look on and criticize. I don't want her money, not a penny of it," Elizabeth finished wrathfully.

"Well, well, you are not likely to get it, so calm down," Spencer interposed. "Any one would think to hear you that she was waiting at the back door with her fortune in a market basket on her arm."

"Tell us about this wonderful plan of yours, and who put it into your head," said Garry.

"Ever so many people go there," Elizabeth began, "and there isn't a single place, except the two hotels, where you can get a decent cup of tea or an ice. There's the dearest old house with a garden in front of it, belonging to the Chadwick estate. The rent isn't high, for I asked. I want to take down some of our furniture, make it look like an old-time coffee house, and serve old-fashioned dainties."

"Elizabeth's Inn, where she's never out," said Spencer gaily.

"You know I can cook," replied Elizabeth, "even if I never did a sampler in my childhood."

"Um, can you?" Garry interrupted. "It's my belief, Bess, that you tumbled out of your cradle in order to initiate the cook into the mysteries of clam chowder. But what about the funds?"

"The funds are provided for," Elizabeth answered sagely. "I've scripped all the year for this very purpose. Then it does not take a great deal to start with. The question before the House of Copley is: May I?"

"You certainly may, if you will take me as a regular boarder," Elizabeth answered quickly.

"I can't; you'd eat up all the money. But how about the real permission? May I, father?"

"When he had given his consent, she took Grace with her and went down to look the situation over. The house was well built in the Colonial style, with a hall running the entire length. The parlor, in which Elizabeth intended to serve her patrons, had quaint, many paned windows, and a big stone fireplace where a fire of driftwood was to be laid burning on chilly days.

The garden, one of the chief attractions of the place, had suffered from neglect, but vigorous work with the trowel and pruning knife soon restored its former beauty. Some days later, the sisters went down again to the house, scrubbing and polishing until everything was in order. After that they arranged the furniture where it would show to the

best advantage, the spinning-wheel in the hall, as if its mistress had just left it. Over the door and the gateway they erected the sign, "Ye Goodes Cheese Inn."

At last Grace, in a full-skirted gown and white kerchief, with all her pretty hair hidden under a Puritan cap, seated herself on the veranda with a lot of embroidery in her hands.

"It's a shame to make an advertisement of you," said Elizabeth; "but I've got to do something to get people to come here. You look as if you had stepped right out of a history."

"I feel like a spider waiting for flies," she answered.

For an hour or two she sat on undisturbed. The passers-by smiled at the pretty picture, read the sign, and went on. But at last there came a troop of girls in the shiniest and shortest of summery gowns. They took the sign and looked long at sweet "Priscilla." Then the gate clicked and they came slowly up the hollyhock-bordered pathway.

"Little maid of long ago," said the leader, "do you serve tea here? We are famished, and your sign looks very inviting."

"Yes," answered Grace, dropping a courtesy and entering into the spirit of the thing, "will you please walk this way?"

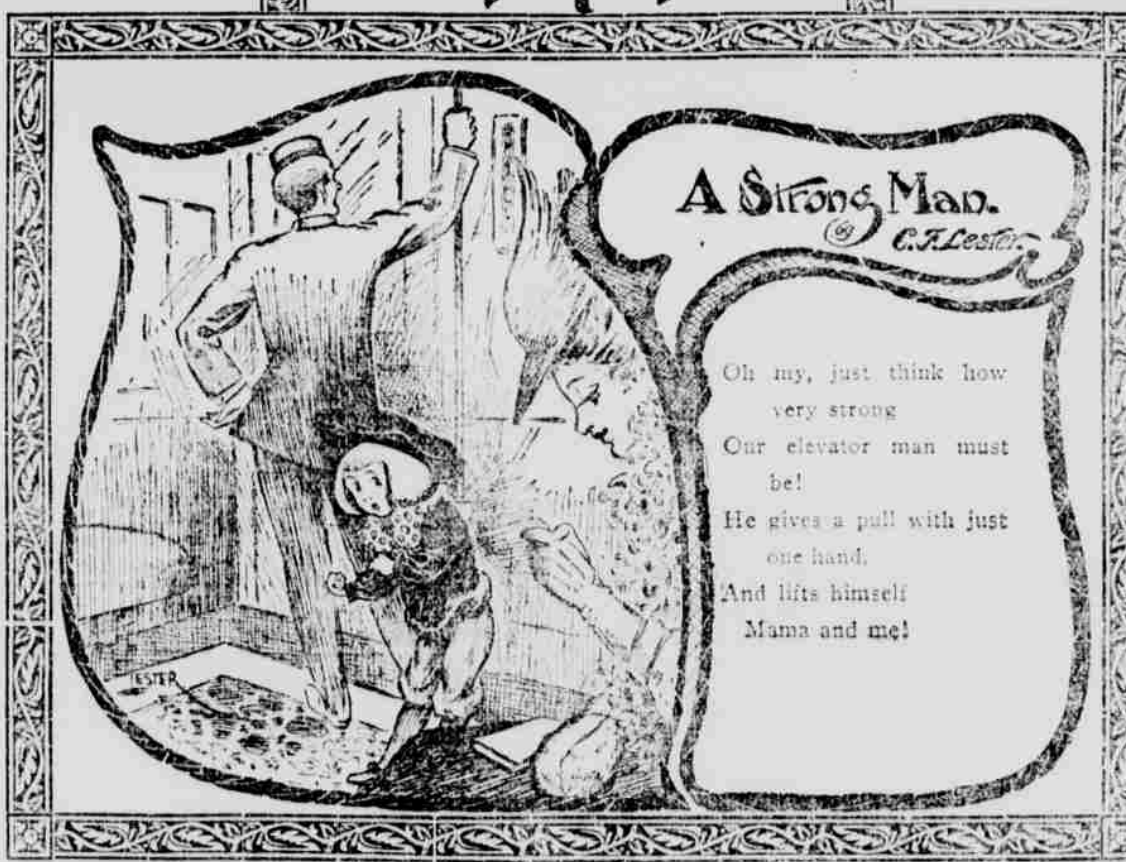
When she had seated them, she brought forth, not a printed bill-of-fare, but a slate on which Elizabeth had written the names of the old-fashioned dainties for which she excelled: strawberries and sponge cake. Then she looked long and hard at the auburn-haired girl who served her.

"Are you Elizabeth Alice Copley?" she asked.

"Yes," Bess answered, wishing for the first time in her life that she could deny her name.



MR. DORMOUSE: "AT LAST WE CAN HAVE OUR GAME! THE INCHWORMS HAVE AGREED TO REMAIN HUMPED FOR AN HOUR!"



A Strong Man.

Oh my, just think how very strong Our elevator man must be! He gives a pull with just one hand. And lifts himself Mama and me!

The day was warm. She was tired and though she had surmounted many obstacles during the summer, she suddenly felt herself untried for the contest with this relentless relative.

"Will you," said Miss Copley (for she it was in the midst of voices, "tell me how it happens that you, my grand-niece, could so demean yourself as to serve in a public dining-room?"

"It's my dining-room," Elizabeth answered hotly, flushing to the roots of her hair. Then she added, "Aunt Elizabeth, I'm not a Copley, for the Copleys were all of them smart. I'm just an average girl with no special talents and I must work, that is, if I go to college this fall. I could not sit still at home and let father and the boys slave for me, as I started Ye Goodes Cheese Inn. It has been popular. People like my cooking and the way I do things and—" a little rebelliously, "I'm proud of my success."

She did not raise her eyes from the table, so the

marvelous change taking place in the stern old face was all unnoticed.

"Elizabeth, dear child," said Miss Copley softly, "do you ever think of asking me for help?"

"No, why should I?" she answered quickly. "I have been afraid of you all my life."

"Not at first. You screamed when your mother took you out of my arms when you were a baby. Don't you know that if you were not a Copley through and through, you could never have carried out this surprising idea of yours and made a success of it? Dear Bess, I am proud of Ye Goodes Cheese Inn and glad to acknowledge that the clever little girl who started it is my niece. It is not true, my dear, that we two Elizabeths began to understand each other."

The white head and the brown one met across the table and to the wonderment of the entire family, the argument began in the dining-room of Good Cheer Inn was never broken.



FOWL WEAPON